



WITH unfathomed seas to the east,
With the cross of St. George to the north,
With unpenetrated forests to the west,
And the yellow banner of Spain to the south.
Such were the narrow confines of the country, the new-born nation of freemen, over which Old Glory was first unfurled.
When those fifty-six sires of a nation signed that imperishable document at Philadelphia in 1776 they were dreaming of a principle, not of territory.
Little did the comrades of Washington think that the starry banner, then meaningless save to one people, then despised and spat upon by many of the monarchies of Europe, was destined to encircle the world; to spread its protecting folds from ocean to ocean; to cross the broad Pacific and cover the islands of that mighty sea, then practically an unexplored waste of waters.

But where flies Old Glory to-day?
Westward the star of empire took its way.
The hardy pioneer with gun and axe penetrated the forests and blazed the trail for the flag of civilization.
He planted his banner on the top of the Alleghenies.
He guided his canoe down the swirling waters and planted it again in the fertile valley of the Mississippi.
Westward, ever westward, marched Old Glory.
Across the broad stream the lilies of France offered defiance for a short time, and then gave way before the advancing power that brooked no opposition.
Beneath its protecting folds he builded his rude cabin.
Beneath it he turned the virgin soil of the prairie.
It floated from the flagstaves of the growing villages.
Under it cross-road settlements grew into cities; schools and churches thrived; industries prospered, and a nation grew strong and great.
Braving every peril, ever westward.
From the top of the lofty summits of the Rockies this agent of civilization looked down upon golden California, and advanced.
From the shores of the broad Pacific waved Old Glory.
To the south the banner of Spain had given way before it; to the north the banner of St. George had been crowded back, and its territory sharply defined; to the southwest Mexico had made way for it. It



floated unchallenged from the flagpoles that stretched from ocean to ocean. To every section of a broad nation it carried its guarantee of freedom.

But where flies Old Glory to-day?
It has given to Hawaii a freedman's rule.
It floats from the flagstaves of the Somos.
It has displaced the rule of tyranny in the Philippines.
It represents justice and equality in Porto Rico.
From the masts of the ships on every sea, in every port, flies Old Glory. It is respected in every land and by every people. To its protecting folds flock the downtrodden and oppressed of all nations, and to all that are worthy it offers a welcoming hand. It represents to-day a world power, greatest in the counsels of nations. A power whose word is unquestioned; whose might has been proven.
But Old Glory has represented more than an expanding nation. It has created a new hope in the breasts of men.
It has disputed the God-given rights of kings.
It has overthrown the absolutism of Europe.
It has driven Spain from the new world, and founded new nations.
It has dictated equitable terms of peace to nations at war.

Old Glory!
God bless the flag. God keep it right, and strong and powerful in the right.
May its white stars be never soiled by injustice to the weak.
May its blue field be ever as expansive as the sky of heaven.
May its red stripes ever represent the strength of a just cause.
Symbol of a people's freedom, of a nation's power, of its greatness, of its justice, of God-given equality, its meaning is known the world over.
To-day the sun never—and may it never—sets on Old Glory.
WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.



The Thirst for Knowledge.
A man who was preparing to become an itinerant vender of literature on the East Side was given this advice by an experienced pushcart pedler.
"Lay in a good supply of works on etiquette," he said. "Get them in all languages. No people are more voracious students of treatises on the art of good behavior than the young people of the East Side. They are ambitious in many ways, and as soon as

they get interested in any phase of higher education they begin to improve their manners. They want to learn what to eat and how to eat it, what to say and how to say it, when to get up and when to get down, and all the rest of the usages of polite society. Since most of this knowledge is gained from books it pays the pushcart pedler to keep them in stock."

END OF OLD TAVERN.

Clark Hotel, at Ashford, Conn., Now a Thing of the Past.

Once one of the most noted taverns in Connecticut, but with its last guest long since departed, its shutters closed, its hospitable fires but ashes and its title passed from the family in whose name it stood for long past the span of human life, the old Clark hotel, at Ashford, in one of the most beautiful sections of the state, is falling to pieces. Its day is over; its doors have been closed forever. Partly dismantled, it stands overlooking a prospect of rare loveliness, a mute reminder of the old stage coach days, when its yard resounded to the crack of the whips of the drivers along "the Old Connecticut Path" and the change of horses at a posting station.

The hotel took its name from Dyer Clark, who went to Ashford from Hartford in 1804 and leased the inn from Dr. Nehemiah Howe, then proprietor. Eight years later Clark purchased it, and the property stood in the name of a Clark until 1897, when it was sold to Henry F. Hall, a wealthy lawyer living in Wallingford, whose intention of building a commodious home for summer boarders was prevented by illness. Since then it has been falling to pieces. Now the roof is sagged in and the building is becoming a prey to the elements.

The old tavern stands on the Boston and Hartford turnpike, the direct route between the two cities and a road formerly much traveled. It was a noted stopping place for stages. Washington spent a Sunday there during one of his tours of New England and attended the village church, sitting in the deacon's pew.

Millionaire a Croquet Fiend.

John W. Gates is an ardent devotee of modern croquet. One of his latest portraits shows him on the lawn of his country place about to make a stroke for the post. A croquet mallet is grasped in his right hand and he addresses the ball with an expression that seems to say, "But you a million I make it." From the crown of his snowy Panama to the soles of his white canvas shoes every line of his figure betokens concentration on the shot. Gates is not yet so corpulent that he needs a series of mirrors to see his shoes. Perhaps he plays croquet to avert that unhappy state. Anyway, when in the country he puts in hours every day in utter abandonment to the seductions of that game, undeterred by the fact that John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie think golf is the only sport under the canopy. Mrs. George W. Guthrie, of Pittsburg, while by no means in the dowager class, is an expert at croquet, and has done much to popularize the game among the matrons of her set.—New York Press.

A Cheap Dinner.

The late Theodore Tilton, who died in Paris, once received a letter from the late Philip Marston, the blind poet, who was very anxious to live in Paris, but who was not certain that he could do so on his slender means. Accordingly, he wrote to Mr. Tilton, asking him to go to the Palais Royale and to test the two franc dinner served there, and to let him know the result. Mr. Tilton's reply was:

"My Dear Friend: Do not ask for a too frank criticism on the two franc dinner. Yours, T. T.—N. Y. Tribune.

Useful.

"You enjoy writing dialect?"
"Yes," answered the youthful scribe. "It enables you to lay the blame for your uncertainties in grammar and punctuation on some imaginary character."—Washington Star.

Sooner the Better.

Stiggins (to his friend, whom he has given a very poor dinner)—And when will you give me the pleasure of dining with you again?
Hungry Guest—Immediately.—Royal Magazine.

When Polishing Brass.

Since it is difficult to clean the brass round a keyhole without injuring the woodwork, take a piece of cardboard some four inches square, cut a hole in the middle and place it over the keyhole while polishing it.

Look of Napoleon's Hair.

An interesting relic of Napoleon Bonaparte has been placed in the Nottingham Castle museum. It consists of a lock of hair of the emperor which was cut off about an hour after his death.

MARKET REPORTS.

CINCINNATI, June 29.		
CATTLE—Extra	55	60
CALVES—Extra	55	60
HOGS—Choice	55	60
SHEEP—Extra	55	60
LAMBS—Extra	55	60
FLOUR—Spring pat.	5-10	5-25
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	5	93 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	5	86
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	5	46 1/2
RYE—No. 2 choice.	5	88
HAY—Ch. Timothy	20	59
BUTTER—Dairy	10	14 1/2
EGGS—Per doz.	2	14
APPLES—Choice	2	30
POTATOES—Per bu.	30	85
TOBACCO—Burley	6	17 1/2
CHICAGO.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	97 1/2	
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	53 1/2	
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	47 1/2	
PORK—Prime mess.	10	42 1/2
LARD—Prime	9	05
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—Win. patent	3	60
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	97 1/2	
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	53 1/2	
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	47 1/2	
PORK—Prime mess.	10	42 1/2
LARD—Steam	9	50
BALTIMORE.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	97 1/2	
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	53 1/2	
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	47 1/2	
PORK—Prime mess.	10	42 1/2
LARD—Steam	9	50
INDIANAPOLIS.		
CATTLE—Prime	5	75
HOGS—Extra	6	20
SHEEP—Extra	4	60

ONE MAN'S EXPERIENCE IN WESTERN CANADA.

There Are Thousands of Opportunities in the Land of Opportunity.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir:
The following experience of an Illinois man who went to Western Canada six years ago is but one of the thousands of letters that could be reproduced showing how prosperity follows the settler on the fertile lands of Western Canada. This letter was written to the Chicago agent of the Government of the Dominion of Canada and is dated at Everts, Alberta, April 8th, 1907.

"It is six years the 5th of this month since I and family landed in Red Deer, family sick and only \$75 in my pocket. Bought a \$12 lot, built a 12x14 shack and went to work as a carpenter. Next May sold for \$400 (had added 16x18 building to shack). Purchased two lots at \$70 each and built a 23x28 two story building and sold for \$950. Filed on a quarter section 33 miles N. W. of Red Deer and have spent three years on it and am well pleased. Quarter all fenced and cross fenced, wire and rail, 2 1/2 miles of fence. House 29x31 feet on stone foundation. Last year was my first attempt to raise grain, 1 1/2 acres of fall wheat, yield grand, but was frosted August 2nd, was cut August 15th and made good pig feed. Had 1 1/2 acres fall rye that I think could not be beat. A farmer from Dakota cut it for me; he said he never saw such heavy grain anywhere. Straw was 7 feet high. I had 4 acres of 2 rowed barley on fall breaking that did not do so well, yet it ripened and gave me all the feed I need for stock and seed for this spring. I did not have grain threshed, so can't give yield, but the wheat would have gone at least 25 bu. to the acre. Have a log stable 31x35 feet, broad roof and two smaller buildings for pigs and chickens.

"I have lived in Harvey, Ill., and know something about it. I have been hungry there and though able and willing to work could get none to do. One Saturday evening found me without any supper or a cent to get it with. A friend, surmising my situation, gave me a dollar, which was thankfully accepted and later paid back. Wife and I are thankful we came here. We were living near Mt. Vernon, Ill., as perhaps you remember visiting me there and getting me headed for the Canadian Northwest, and a happy day it has proved for me. I have not grown rich, but I am prospering. I would not take \$3,000 for my quarter now. The past winter has been a hard one, but I worked outside the coldest day (52 below) all day and did not suffer. We are getting a school started now that is badly needed.

"Our P. O. Everts, is about 15 miles; there is another office 6 miles, but it is not convenient to us. Wife and I would not exchange our home here for anything Illinois has to offer.

"Yours truly,
(Sd.) E. EMBERLEY."

HERE'S ONE ON THE "ROOKEY."

Gets Sentry Call Twisted When Dazzled by Commander.

A drummer sometimes gets his orders twisted, but never quite so badly as the "rookie" I saw down at Chickamauga when the troops were being mustered in for the Spanish-American war, says a traveling man in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

This boy, fresh from St. Louis, was on the way to the front and proud of it. He had his first assignment to guard duty and he had been carefully instructed as to calling "Who goes there?"

The officer in command of the division was a dignified martinet. The "rookie" had never seen him. About midnight the general came home from a reception in town. He was all fixed up in his dress togs and he was the swiftest thing the new guard ever saw. As the general passed his post the boy gazed at him open-mouthed. Just in time he remembered he was expected to say something. So he gasped:

"There goes who?"

ELEVEN YEARS OF ECZEMA.

Hands Cracked and Bleeding—Nail Came Off of Finger—Cicura Remedies Brought Prompt Relief.

"I had eczema on my hands for about eleven years. The hands cracked open in many places and bled. One of my fingers was so bad that the nail came off. I had tried so many remedies, and they all had failed to cure me. I had seen three doctors, but got no relief. Finally I got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent Pills. Of course I kept Cuticura Soap all the time for my hands, but the one cake of Soap and half a box of Cuticura Ointment cured them. I recommend the Cuticura Remedies to all suffering with eczema. Mrs. Eliza A. Wiley, R. F. D. No. 2, Liscomb, Ia., Oct. 18, 1906."

Is the Sailors' Friend.

Sixty thousand sailors look to H. A. Hanbury for advice and for protection. Mr. Hanbury is the United States shipping commissioner for the port of New York. He is the sailors' judge and jury. The men who sign on foreign craft now must appear before him for their papers instead of going to the consuls of the various countries. He decides all disputed questions between the men and their sailing masters. Many of the abuses of these men that formerly were common, such as compelling them to buy their outfits from the ship owners or captains, have been done away with under Mr. Hanbury's rule. His office is on the Battery park, New York, where he easily can reach all the ships leaving that port.

Describing Weather Conditions.

The weather is called calm if the air is not moving at more than three miles an hour; 24 miles is a strong breeze; 40 a gale, 75 a storm, and 90 a hurricane.

Some men are unable to distinguish between good advice and a mild insult.

TWO TERRIBLE YEARS.

The Untold Agonies of Neglected Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. James French, 65 Weir Street, Taunton, Mass., says:

"When I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I was so run down and miserable that I could hardly endure it. Terrible pains in the back attacked me frequently and the kidney secretions were much disordered. I was a nervous wreck and Miss Vanderbilt and we are at our wit's end to know just who the lucky Johnny is.—New York American.

No longer is Robert Golet's name heard in connection with the hand of Miss Vanderbilt, and we are at our wit's end to know just who the lucky Johnny is.—New York American.

Buildings for Canal Workers.
The federal government has put up four buildings on the canal zone and put them in charge of the Young Men's Christian association. They will be used as men's clubs for the workmen on the Panama canal. Four other similar buildings are to go up in the near future.

A maid thinks she is necessary to a man's happiness, a widow thinks a man is necessary to her happiness, and a man—well, no matter what he thinks.

No Headache in the Morning.
Krause's Headache Capsules for over-indulgence in food or drink. Druggists, 25c. Norman Lichty Mfg. Co., Des Moines, Ia.

Experience is a great teacher, but by the time it hands a man his diploma he is too old to make much use of his knowledge.

Pores of the Human Skin.
Every inch of the human skin contains 3,500 perspiration pores.

The Breakers to Remain Closed.

Word comes from abroad that Mrs. Vanderbilt is to take a large estate near London, and that the Breakers will not be open this season in Newport.

This will be the second summer that this magnificent estate has been closed, and it means a social as well as financial loss to the place.

To the goings of the smart set it means that something attractive is keeping Mrs. Vanderbilt and her daughter on the other side of the Atlantic—something that draws like a lodestone.

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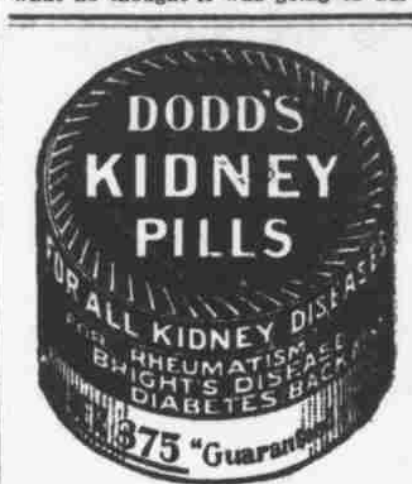
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Dramatist's Plans for Future.

Dr. Ludwig Fulda, the well-known poet-dramatist, has purchased the estate of Karerlake, in Tyrol, and expects to erect a castle and live there most of the year. He is now at work on a new drama to be presented in Vienna, at the Burg theater, next season.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It doesn't take a man long to find out how different married life is from what he thought it was going to be.



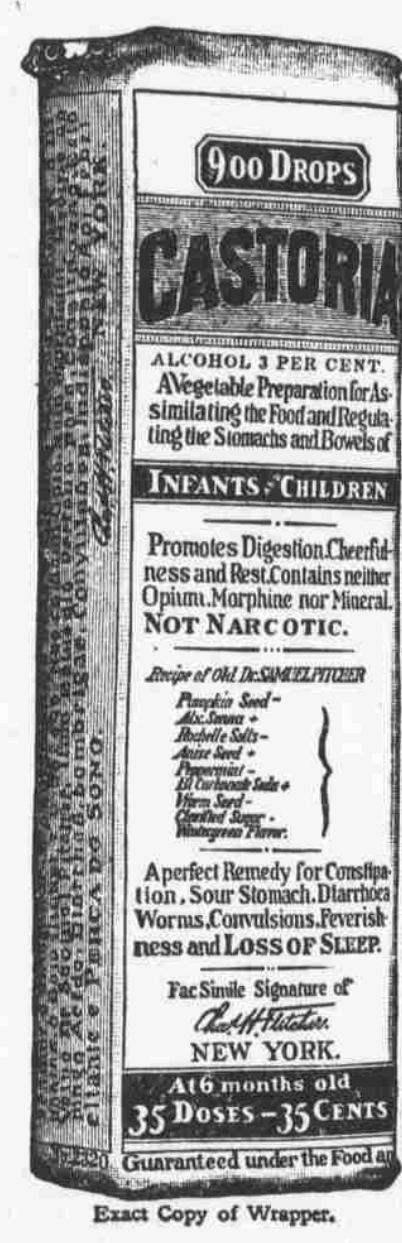
It cures the common ailments of the kidneys and restores the system. It cures all cases of kidney disease, including rheumatism, neuralgia, and diabetes. 10c, 25c and 50c bottles. (Liquor.)

A. N. K.—E (1907—27) 2185.

Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent, or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent, or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium, or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.



Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. A. F. Peeler, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in many cases and have always found it an efficient and speedy remedy."

Dr. E. Down, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in my practice for many years with great satisfaction to myself and benefit to my patients."

Dr. Edward Parshall, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria in my own household with good results, and have advised several patients to use it for its mild laxative effect and freedom from harm."

Dr. J. B. Elliott, of New York City, says: "Having during the past six years prescribed your Castoria for infantile stomach disorders, I most heartily commend its use. The formula contains nothing deleterious to the most delicate of children."

Dr. C. G. Sprague, of Omaha, Neb., says: "Your Castoria is an ideal medicine for children, and I frequently prescribe it. While I do not advocate the indiscriminate use of proprietary medicines, yet Castoria is an exception for conditions which arise in the care of children."

Dr. J. A. Parker, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria holds the esteem of the medical profession in a manner held by no other proprietary preparation. It is a sure and reliable medicine for infants and children. In fact, it is the universal household remedy for infantile ailments."

Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., says: "Castoria is one of the very finest and most remarkable remedies for infants and children. In my opinion your Castoria has saved thousands from an early grave. I can furnish hundreds of testimonials from this locality as to its efficiency and merits."

Dr. Norman M. Geer, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "During the last twelve years I have frequently recommended your Castoria as one of the best preparations of the kind, being safe in the hands of parents and very effective in relieving children's disorders, while the ease with which such a pleasant preparation can be administered is a great advantage."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

"Next Best Thing!"

Everybody knows that pure Castor Oil always has been the safest, surest and best remedy for Constipation. Good reputation deserved!

But—the Great Objection—is its taste. Little Castor oil—oil, is a "has been." It is the "Next Best."

The "Best" remedy now is Cooked Castor Oil, pure, refined Sulphur combined and concentrated with Castor, Ginger, Wild Lemon, etc. into little sugar-coated pills, called Blackburn's Victory Castor-Oil-Pills.

Delightfully active with no gripe or pain. Druggists—10c, 25c and 50c.

K. F. Dept., The Victory Remedy Co., Dayton, O.

BLACKBURN'S SWEET LITTLE Castor-Oil-Pills

Without the taste of Castor Oil. 10c, 25c and 50c. All Druggists, 10c. and 25c.

OLD S ENGINES "BEST BY EVERY TEST." U.S. GOVT. REPORT.

This engine is ready to run when you get it, fill it with gasoline, throw on the switch, turn the wheel—that's all.

No pipe to connect, nothing to set up no foundation to make, no experience required.

It is the most practical engine for the farmer, because it is always ready, compact, adjusted and can be moved anywhere.

The price is right—the quality is the standard of the U. S. Government, who use it.

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